A Winter-Wonder,
Or, The
THAMES
Frozen Over;
With Remarks on the Fort there.

WHen *Neptune* saw a Wondrous Bridge, built o're
His Silver *Thames*, that reach'd from shore to shore,
He shook his Trident, and with awful Frown,
Swore, 'twas Presumption in the Haughty Town,
Now Laughs to see it standing useless o're
Whilst Ice has made it one continued Shore
Under whose spreading Roof, he silent Glides,
And Ebbs, and Flows, Unheard, Unseen his Tides.
Greenland, *Muscovy*, sure their Cold have lent,
And all their Frigid Blasts have hither sent,
Whilst *Boreas* with his keeneſt Breath has blown,
To make our Winter cold, as is their own.
That if my Ink was not congeal'd as it,
I'de on the subject, shew a Poets Wit.
The Fish lye closely in their watry Bed,
And find an Icy Ceiling o're their Head.
They fear no *Anglers*, that do lye in wait,
Nor are deceiv'd by the allureing Bait.
The Watermen with folded arms do stand,
And grieve to see the Water firm as Land,
Their Boats hal'd up, their Oars laid Useless by,
Nor Oars, *Nor Sculler*, *Master*, do they cry,
Wishing kind *Zephyrus* with a warmer Gale,
Would once more Launch their Boat, and fill their Sail;
Or that the Sun, would with his gentler Flames,
Again set Free, their best of Friends, the *Thames*;
The Shoars no longer sound with *Westward-hoe*,
Nor need Men Boats, where they can firmly goe.

See how the Noble River in a Trice,
Is turn'd as it were one spacious street of Ice.
And who'ld believe to see revived there,
In *January*, *Bartholomew-Fair*.

*EB65. A100. 684w

Where all the Mobile in Crowds resort,
As on firm Land, to Walk, and Trade, and Sport.
Now Booths do stand, where Boats did lately row
And on its Surface up and down Men goe,
And *Thames* become a kind of *Raree-Show*.
Its upper Regnes are let to Mortal Dweller,
And underneath it is God *Neptunes* Cellar:
Now *Vulcan* makes his Fires on *Neptunes* Bed,
And Sawcy Cooks roast Beef upon his Head.
As many Tuns of *Ale* and *Brandy* flow
Above the Ice, as Waters do below:
And Folk do Tipple, without fear to Sink,
More Liquors then the Fish beneath do drink:
Here you may see a crowd of People Flock,
One's Heel's fly up, and down he's on his Dock,
Another steps, 'tis strange, but true, no matter,
And in he Flounces, up to th' Neck in Water;
A Third more sure his slipp'ry Foot-steps guides,
And safely o're the Ice away he Slides;
Another upon *Skeats* does swiftly pass,
Cutting the Ice like Diamonds upon Glass.
Women, beware you come not here at all,
You are most like to slip and catch a Fall:
This you may do, tho' in your Gallants Hand,
And if you fall, he has no Power to stand.
'Tis ten to one, you tumble in a Trice,
For you are apt to fall, where there's no Ice;
Oft on your back, but seldome on your Face,
How can you stand then on a slippery place?
Yet you will venture briskely to a Booth,
To take a Glass or two with Youngster Smooth,
Then back again as briskely to the shore,
As Wise and Honest as you were before.
Here (like the great) on slip'ry place you stand,
They can not Fate, nor you your Feet command.
My Muse to Scribble further has no Maw,
But for your good, do wish a speedy Thaw.
And let it ne'r be said 'twixt you and I,
The Winter's cold, but more your Charity,
Then let the Poor, mean while your Bounty find,
And Heav'n to you, as you to them prove kind.

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